



rive, four, three, two, one ... Yes! Issue 47 of THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS blasts off this week with a complete rocket-launcher of a story in Bust in Space! Here the loveable foursome find themselves rubbing shoulders with the stars yet again, only this time they're of the constellation variety! Well, actually, to be more precise they have a spot of trouble with some space junk. Will they be tempted to give up the Ghostbusters business in order to become scrap metal merchants? Will they cease to bust ghosts in favour of working on secret U.S. space missions? Who knows? Maybe they'll just come home like all good astronauts are supposed to when it's tea-time! As if this wasn't enough inter-galactic excitement for you, there's more spooky amusement for you in Ticket to Bust! with ghostly goings-on aboard a speeding train and there's some spooky sorcery in the air in Spell of Trouble! Good grief! Whatever next?

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# THE REAL

# THE REAL GHESTBUSTERS













Story JOHN CARNELL Art PHILELLIOTT and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering PETER KNIGHT Colouring STUART PLACE

























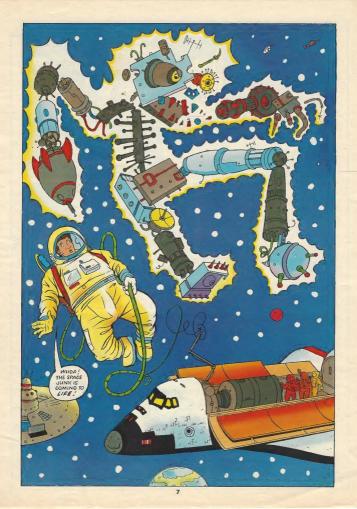
























# SPENGLER'S

Riding high on the American best sellers list at the moment is another book by that much-loved fruitcake Derek Von Heinekan, the selfproclaimed 'expert' on Extraterrestrial spooks, who I first acquainted you with back in Guide part 9. Derek's latest work of scholarship 'Spacesuited Freak Attack Flying Saucer Mutant ET Horror Scandal: The True Story' seems to be a book based less on the rigours of modern academic research and rather more on late night 'Space Monster and too much Movies' cheese before hedtime

Anyway, it does serve to remind me that I was going to spend some time explaining the correlation between the Supercosmos and the possibility of beings from space. So here goes.

### ALIENS

Okay. Pay attention. It is very probable indeed that a great number of so called 'close encounters' with traterrestrial creatures have actually been encounters with powerful phantoms from our own negative zone. Remember the Supercosmos is a large place. It intersects with our own dimension in many places, not all of which are actually on Earth. Some could well be in Space. Just imagine that you were a class six demon



who found that he'd popped out of a dimensional gate somewhere in the vicinity of Pluto. you'd make your way to Earth pretty fast (that, of course, being where all the nice, scarable people are) and you'd come down through the atmosphere and land in front of some poor, bemused electrician who is lost on a remote highway in Mid-west America. What's he going to call you? A ghost? Or a bug-eyed monster from Venus?

Don't take that personally, I did say 'just imagine if you were'. Look I'm sorry, all right? I didn't mean to upset you, Okay now? Right, So do you get the point?

### CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

Recently, I had an opportunity to study first hand some of the secret files concerning NASA's more difficult missions. I discovered documentation of an incident that seems to back-up my theory that a lot of ET sightings are actually encounters with ahosts.

### APOLLO 19

The secret moonshot Apollo 19 was launched in the late seventies in an attempt to set up a permanent base on the moon. It was aborted after six days when the astronaut Bill Keghead reported encountering space alien' in the command module. Transcript of his transmissions are as follow:

"Hello Houston-click" "Go ahead, Apollo 19 over-click"

"Commencing ECM run and primary locators-click over. Looking good here Houston over-click

"Er Houston-click appear to have company in here - click. Seems to be some kind of space alien over-click'

"Say again over-click"

"Repeat Houston this is incredible-click. There is a space alien in the command capsule-click. It's so uglyclick. It's got great bit pointy teeth-click, huge baleful eves and three ears-click, a left ear, a right ear-click and a final front ear



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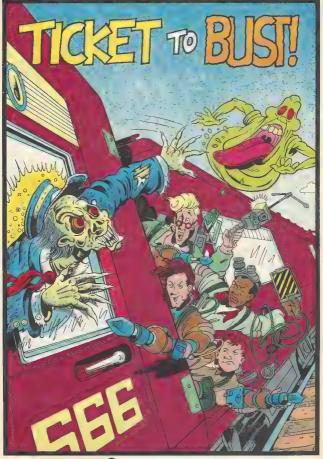
# **GREED GHOST**

This excessively nasty-looking apparition made a rather unwelcome appearance at the Stock Exchange. At first sight, the Ghostbusters were not quite sure what they were dealing with, but upon examination they realized that the monster in question was in fact the personification of Greed. The globular, green, many-mouthed and bug-eyed creature would have won a contest for things that look like a globular, green, many-mouthed and bug-eyed creature hands down on any day of the week!

it transpired, however,

that the gabbling blob was not the result of Psycho-Kinetic Energy at all and a blast from the Proton Gun was completely ineffective. Evidently, the 'Great Power' was of a more human origin than was apparent. It was eventually shrunk away to nothing by the use of acts of extreme generosity. Sometimes it most certainly is more gratifying to give rather than receivel





Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and NICK ABADZIS

It was nearly tea-time when ECTO-1 pulled into the parking lot at New York's Pennsylvania Station. As all four Ghost-busters unloaded their equipment, they knew it had to be nearly tea-time, because Slimer was moaning about being hungry. "Does Slimer have to come?" muttered Peter, checking over his Proton Pack. "Having to bust a ghost on a train is bad enough – but can you imagine the havoc Slimer will cause in the dining car?" "Peter, you know Slimer is an extremely useful indicator of psychic manifestation," Egon replied.

"You mean he gets feisty when there are other ghosts around?" asked Winston, checking that he had all the Ghostbusters' train tickets. "You're right there. Remember that time with the twenty three ghosts hiding in a sewage truck? All that gunge was confusing our detectors, but Slimer soon found them!" "It was only because he thought there might be something to eat in the sewage," Peter replied, handing Ray his Proton Pack to carry to the train. "It took me weeks to get the stains off my uniform..."

"Guys, guys!" shouted Ray. "Can we just get aboard the train? It's about to go!"

The Ghostbusters boarded the Amtrak train, the Silver Meteor, which was bound for Miami. The whistle blew and the train set out, just as the Ghostbusters had got to their seats.

Ray tried to put Peter's Proton Pack in one of the luggage racks, but there were too many cases. "Young man," squeaked an old lady with a small dog that yapped furiously at Egon. "I hope you are not planning on playing that radio on this train!"

"This is not a receiving device, madam," said Egon, "This is a highly advanced nuclear generator, capable of capturing psychic forces."

"Well, just as long as it isn't noisy. I can't abide noisy people on trains."

Peter's eyes rolled heavenwards. "Oh boy," he groaned, "I can see this is going to be a fun trip!"

It wasn't until the Silver Meteor had

pulled out of Washington Union station that strange things began to happen aboard. All the Amtrak railway authorities, who had employed the Ghostbusters, knew that their train was being haunted and now passengers were disappearing and something needed to be done about it – fast!

"So, what sort of ghost do you think this is?" said Winston, as he and Egon

searched a plush sleeping car.

"According to reports, it's some sort of skeletal manifestation, possible Class One or Two," replied Egon, unlocking a fold-away bed. The disappearances are unusual for that sort of activity though—I'd expect at least a Class Five ..."

"When you say skeletal," gasped Winston, pointing down the corridor, "do

you mean something like that?"

A grisly, bony figure was advancing rapidly down the corridor towards Winston, dressed in a ticket collector's uniform. Its' eyes blazed an unearthly red, and it waved one fleshless hand angrily at the Ghostbuster, who raised his Proton Gun in readiness. "Tickets, please!" groaned the ghost.

"Play along, Winston!" snapped Egon.
"This is an interesting example of

Repetitive Ghostly Activity . . .

"You liked your job so much you stuck with it after you died, huh?" said Winston, lowering his Proton Gun and handing the ghost his ticket. The ghost grabbed it, turned it over once, held it up to the strip light above their heads and glowered angrily. "Another forgery," it hissed. "You can't have a ticket dated 1989 in 1927, foo!"

A crackle of ethereal energy leapt from

the collector's eyes.

Winston was bathed in red light for an instant and then he vanished! The ghost turned to Egon. "Ticket?" it snapped.

"I think I've had enough of Repetitive Ghostly Activity," said Egon. "You bring Winston back from wherever you put him, right now!"

"Sorry – I have to inspect the chickens!" said the ghost, and vanished with an evil grin.

"Egon! What's going on?" came Peter's voice on the radio.

"Three passengers have simply disappeared from the carriage we were just

searching!"

"We have a paranormal intrusion on board," Egon replied. "I think it is proceeding towards the goods van."

"Right! Ray and I will meet you there!"
"Peter - don't forget Slimer. We may

need him!'

Egon ran down the train, pushing past passengers as fast as he could. "Young man, I thought I told you about all this noise," squeaked the old lady who'd bothered the Ghostbusters before. "I'm sorry Ma'am — I've no time for politeness!" replied Egon, pushing past her too as her dog yapped furiously.

"No sign of the ghost," came Peter again, "Winston's back here though – we found him looking a bit dazed. He muttered something about a ghostly platform, with lots of passengers on it, all demanding to know when their train

was going to arrive."

"That ghost must be around here somewhere," Egon said into the radio. "Look for some chickens – the ghost said it was going to inspect them, and they must be in that van!"

In the guards van, Winston shook his head and looked confused.

"I can hear clucking," said Ray. "Slimer seems to be getting jittery, too - that

ghost can't be far away.'

"I think my proton pack must have been more than the ghost could handle," said Winston. "As soon as I switched it on to test it, I was back here on the train."

"Well, with any luck, if we bust the ghost all those passengers that vanished will be thrown back into this dimension."

"Don't count your chickens!" shouted the ghost, leaping from behind the lamp-

shades. "Count these!"

As Egon burst into the guards van, the grisly fiend attacked some cages with malevolent energy, releasing dozens of chickens into the van. In the panic, the Ghostbusters clumsily almed their proton guns at the ghost, but it disappeared through the wall of the guards van, before they were ready.

"It's on the roofeee!" slurped Slimer,

pointing upwards.

"I might have guessed," said Winston.
"Well, I'm going to nail that spook for
good!" Before any of the others could
stop him, Winston was out of the van
door, and climbing up the ladder at the
end of the train and onto the roof.
"Can't catch meeeee! Hal Hal Hal"
cackled the ghost, jumping on Winston's
hands as he levered himself over the
edge of the roof.

Clinging onto a train roof with an unlicensed nuclear generator on your back is not something any sane person should be doing for a living, but the

ghost had to go! Winston fired.

The Proton stream crackled from his gun and the ghost howled in dismay. Ray poked his head over the edge of the roof, saw what had happened and shoved a ghost trap under the demon as Winston reeled it in. With a shriek it was

mana1

As Winston and Ray got down from the roof, Egon and Peter found themselves surrounded by angry passengers – the ones that had been stranded on the ghostly platform. "Well, that's that," sighed Winston with relief, dusting himself down. "Now all we need to worry about is our well-earned rest in

Miami, right Egon?"

"YOUNG MAN!" came a shout from the door of the guards van. A brightly coloured umbrella thumped its way through the confused passengers. Attached to it was the old lady, with her dog yapping loudly. "This is really too much," she started to scream. "Loud noises, extra passengers and chickens in my seat. It's all your fault! What are you going to do about it?"

"You know," said Egon, "Faced with a choice between a Class Nine demonic inspector and an enraged member of the general public, I think I would choose to

deal with the demon any day."



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS





















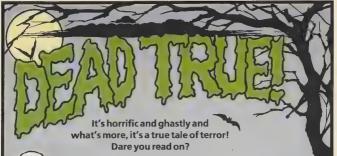














ne of the most unusual and puzzling stories from the ghost world

occurred in a cottage in the Spanish village of Belmez, near Cordoba, Andalusia in 1971.

One morning, a housewife named Maria Gomez Pereira was extremely shocked to find the likeness of a face on the floor of her kitchen. There was no apparent reason for it being there!

Disturbed by the tormented expression of the face, she decided to rub the image out with a rag. However, this proved to be totally ineffective, as the pigments appeared to emerge from the colour of tiles themselves. the rather than having been painted upon the surface.

Several days later, when the face was still there, it creted over. This plan of action was useless. however, as the image began to reappear with greater definition than the first. It was the image of a man who was experiencing great suffering of some sort. The horror

Experts were brought in to examine the face and it became clear that the face was undergoing gradual changes and the features were changing, as if it were going through an aging or decaying process. The subtlety of the 'painting's' excecution, lead the authorities to preserve the second face and it was cut from the floor and mounted behind glass on the wall. Then steps were taken to excavate the site. To their terror, a number of human bones were found at a depth of about nine feet! This was not

houses had been built on the site of an ancient burial ground.

After a month had elapsed, two more faces had appeared, one of them female. Around this last image a number of others became visible.

After the appearance of the tortured images around the house, paranormal investigators came in with ultrasensitive tape recorders. Nothing was detectable to the human ear, but when the tapes were played back, terryifying and ahoulish moans groans were audible along with voices which babbled in a strange lanquage!

Unfortunately the faces disappeared as quickly as had manifested themselves, unexplained.



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# GH2ST WRITING!



Welcome to another Ghost Writing page, folks! Thanks for all your letters, all you busy scribblers out there. Keep them coming and I'll answer as many as is humanly possible.

### Dear Peter...

I have thought of a brilliant idea. Have you ever thought of having a green cuddly Slimer made? I haven't seen it in the shops and it would be great!

- Michael Foo, Crystal Palace

Yeah! What a great idea! A cuddly Slimer that doesn't actually slime you! This is worth looking into.

I would like to know what slime smells like?

- Kate Shaw, York

Without wanting to seem rude Kate, I don't think you would want to know what slime smells like! Could you please answer my questions.

- 1. What is your phone number? If you don't answer this question, I won't believe in the Ghostbusters.
- What books do you like to read?
- This isn't a question, but tell Janine I think she's really GORGEOUS.
- If you don't want all your time wasted by other kids asking this, then don't answer their questions.
- Dale Williams,
   Wellingborough

Oh boy, have you got a bad attitude! Didn't anyone ever teach you how to write letters? I'm not gonna give you my phone number for fear of being hassled by you. So you can believe in us or not, it makes no difference to us. What books do we read. Well, I like to read books on the culinary arts, Egon likes books on scientific subjects and fungi, Winston likes sporty books and Ray reads books on animals. I think Janine is partial to the odd romantic novel. Which reminds me, take a cold shower!

Do you think that Ray and Winston could come and stay for a few days? They are my favourite characters from the Ghostbusters.

- Marie Hickson, Nantwich

Ray and Winston were very touched by your invitation, but they said they must decline your offer. It's a long way from New York to Nantwich when there's ghosts to be busted.

I get The Real Ghostbusters every week and I think that it's brill'. I think that collecting fungi is an interesting hobby. I also have some questions for you:

- 1. Is it true that chalk dust kills ghosts?
- 2. Why don't you like Slimer? If you don't want him, I'll have him.
- 3. I would like some tips from Egon as I would like to start collecting fungi, can you help? – Faye Upton, Brixham
- 1. I'm afraid that's a new one on me. At the risk of seeming blunt, I know rather more about Proton Guns than chalk dust!
- 2.1 do like him, sort of, when he doesn't slime me. The others are, admittedly, more attached to him than I am. It can be kindá fun having him around. 3. Egon says it would be best for you to have a good browse in a library, as fungi are very complicated things and need a great deal of study to be understood in any degree.

Can you please tell me why in Ghostly Reflections when Janine called HQ she was talking to you when it was really Egon?

- Alan Cooper, Greenford

We've had a lot of letters about this one! Janine tells me that in her panic she thought! had answered the Ghostbusters' hotline when really it was Egon at the other end of the phone. An easy mistake to make when faced with an enantiomorphic lump of ectoplasm!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2















# THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

TRANSFORMERS 216 There are three exciting stories to read this week — Part 4 of Guess Who the Mecannibals Are Having For Dinner? by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt, Part 2 of Race With The Devil by Furman and Wildman, and Part 4 of Visionaries, The Origin, by Salicrup and Dille. Plus, a Classic Cover Calendar for May.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 47 There's some galactic ghostbusting in Bust in Space, by Carnell and Elliot, and if you're thinking of buying your first house, think again – Spell of Trouble by Fabian and Williamson could make you change your mind!

ACTION FORCE 12 Enter Supertrooper! by Alan and Johnson. The soldier of the future, it's easier to list what he can't do than what he can! He flies planes, drives tanks, is an expert in every form of the martial arts—a real oneman army! PLUS the classic Snow Chase, by Collins, Hopgood and Harwood.

THUNDERCATS 96 The start of a brand new story, Friends in Need, by Abnett, Wetherell and Williamson, finds the Thundercats up for sale to the highest bidder! Plus part 2 of Worlds in Chaos, by Furman, Rimmer, Gascoine and Harwood, and Fright On Fire Mountain, the text story by John Freeman. Also, a poster, activities and loads more!

# DON'T MISS...

DEATH'S HEAD 7 Death'S Head and Spratt are up against the human chameleon Photofit in this month's fast-moving story. Shot By Both Sides is by Hitch, Furman and Anderson. Our hero is himself being pursued by two gangland hitmen, Bigshot and Shortfuse. Who will get who first?

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